THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and colder; northwesterly winds.

The field is clear for Erastus Wiman to begin again now.

Senator Raines finds that it is very hard to drive the Senate and Assembly tandem.

Mr. Platt put cotton in his ears last night, and consequently heard nothing about the protest.

Between Rosebery and Salisbury England seems likely to bury her policy of "grab" in America.

Assemblyman Butts evidently thinks he is in Congress instead of at Albany. But his heart is in the right place.

Three-cent tickets on all city lines are again among the possibilities. Mr. Gould must prepare to come down.

Senator Smith told the truth about this session of Congress. Its usefulness is at an end, and it would better go home.

Edison says he feels certain that Roentgen's rays will effect marvellous cures. The bombardment of bacteria by the wonderful rays will render a tremendous service to humanity.

The Waller case comes rather lamely to an end. And if there had been much more delay Waller would have come to an end also.

It would be interesting to have the brains of the leading professional pugilists photographed as soon as the process is possible.

Governor Culberson has his militia near the point on the Mexican frontier where the wandering pugilists are trying to fight, and it is a cold outlook for them.

TO BOLT OR NOT TO BOLT.

Harmony is an excellent thing in every party. Most active politicians and all "bosses" seem convinced of that. The astute Mr. Croker, departing from his usual policy of silence and mystery, has just preached a little sermon upon harmony. The wily Mr. Platt considers it an essential to success to swallow his dignity and invite a would-be repentant sinner who has offended him into his cave for the sake of harmony. Nothing disturbs the serenity of his soul like bickering and a bolt. He will even deny the bolt's existence, in the hope that by belittling it it may fall to the ground.

At this moment he will not admit the reality of the six or seven hundred Republican voters who qualify the recent enrolment lists as "rotten" and fraudulent, and elevate their voices in mighty protest against them. He has based his machine for bossing the Greater New York which is now emerging from the clouds of controversy at Albany upon these lists, and therefore he does not wish them to be disputed.

Will he succeed in persuading the Governor that large numbers of the prominent Republicans of the city are mistaken, and that the much criticised lists are spotlessly correct? It would seem to require more faith than even the State Republican Committee can summon up. But practical politicians manage to muffle protests when they sound unpleasantly in their ears. And Mr. Platt feels that the party will not hamper his progress toward his great "coup"—the controlling of "Greater New York." If the protesting Republicans do not bolt, they will be ridiculous, and then Platt will triumph over them.

Ex-Leader Croker seems inclined to make a baseball magnate of himself, and Leader Sheehan will get himself made a football by Tammany, unless he is careful.

THE MENACE OF WEYLER.

Everything in the circular just issued to the inhabitants of Cuba by General Weyler, who has been sent out from Spain to crush the insurrection, indicates that he will organize a campaign of ferocity and cruelty. The cool and ominous manner in which he announces his intention of making the inhabitants of the island responsible for any "outbreaks" by the patriots must send a chill to the hearts of the stoutest. In his eyes the island is accurst. He claims that the patriot armies could not have overrun Cuba so readily if the inhabitants who profess to be loyal were not indifferent. "If you are not actively for Spain, the inference is that you are against it." This is his deduction; and he leaves it to be understood that he will arrest on suspicion and punish with severity the proudest as well as the lowest.

It seems almost impossible that even those Spaniards in Cuba who support Spain can endure to be addressed in this fashion. We can judge of the extent of their degradation by the way they submit to the brutal threats of this Jack in boots. "All who are with our side must demonstrate the fact with acts," he says. Small towns must be fortified by the loyalists, and then, if the patriot bands intrude, those towns run the risk of being ravaged by both sides. For Weyler will come to punish them for their supineness in letting the insurgents in. To be at the mercy of such a monster of cruelty is the lowest deep of servitude. It will be astonishing if Weyler's arrival is not followed by a revolt in Havana.

Mr. Chamberlain has taken the Chartered South African Company directly under the wing of the Crown. The next thing will be a smothering of the investigation.

A CASE FOR REVOLT.

Two documents of importance relating to travel within the boundaries of the great cities here by the sea were issued yesterday, and together they furnish a biting commentary upon the hopelessness of reform in those things which make transit in the Greater New York a penance rather than a pleasure. The first emanates from the Trustees of the Bridge, and in point of pure insolence exceeds anything which they have heretofore offered to the public. It establishes an ordinance rendering guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to $500 fine or six months' imprisonment, any person who, by pushing or crowding, unlawfully obstructs the entrance and exit of other passengers by Bridge cars. In view of the fact that the dangerous and criminal crowding during "rush" hours on the Bridge is entirely due to the stupid and inadequate terminal facilities furnished by the trustees, this open menace is revolting. No self-respecting person, who intends to keep a control over his own movements, will go near the Bridge when the vast crowds are thronging it, until public opinion has compelled these impertinent Trustees to recede from their haughty attitude.

At present it is perfectly possible for any person—no matter how pacific may be his intentions—to be placed by the surging crowds in a position where he is obliged to struggle for his life. At such a juncture he may be seized by a gigantic Bridge official who has power of arrest, accused of obstructing the traffic, and locked up. It is abominable. People are packed into the Bridge trains as if they were cattle. Their lives are nightly endangered. Yet the Trustees, in the hope of diverting attention from their mal-administration, have promulgated this monstrous ordinance.

The second document which increases our despair comes from the Assembly Committee on Railroads. That committee has just issued its report, which contains some good and some very bad conclusions on everything relating to surface roads and their operation in cities. It reports unfavorably upon the question of municipal ownership of street railroads, for instance. But we are momentarily concerned only with what it says concerning the overcrowding of cars, which is one of the crying scandals of our city life, and if we were to judge by the indignant comments of some visiting foreigners who have suffered from it, attains the proportions of a national disgrace. The report says that this overcrowding cannot well be remedied. The practice in vogue in Paris, it remarks, of permitting no passenger on a car unless there is a seat for that passenger, thus compelling delay in transportation, would not be tolerated in this country. We decline to agree to this proposition. A people who will tolerate the Bridge ordinance alluded to above will tolerate anything. It would be wholesome and refreshing to see the American people, who will so slavishly bow the knee before a custom which renders them all uncomfortable, constrained for once to obedience of rules which would give them all comfort and convenience. The travelling public is far more favorably disposed toward the latter regulations than corporation officials would have us believe.

But there is no disguising the fact that there is little hope. The corporation lash is cracked above our heads. Our legislators are afraid to help us. Their reports are calculated to encourage our tormentors. For the present we are slaves.

We ought at least to make one demonstration to show that we desire to be free. And we can do that by utterly condemning, and demanding the instant repeal of, the brutally impertinent Bridge ordinance.

That aerolite which burst over Madrid the other day might have been looking for the Ministers who originated the present policy with regard to Cuba.

THE REIGN OF VIOLENCE.

The fact that there have been 43,902 homicides in the United States in the last five years is calculated to make those who are looking out for the incoming of the golden age feel very thoughtful. Here is an average of more than 7,300 murders a year—a wastage of human life which we think no other civilized country but Italy will show. Looked at by foreigners, it would seem as if there were a terrible insecurity of life in the United States. Such is the general opinion in Middle Europe, where some parts of the Union are looked upon much as we look at Corsica.

There is little doubt that the almost inexplicable public feeling manifest of late years, that the murderer should have every technical advantage possible in his fight to escape punishment, and that he should be permitted appeals and new trials without stint, help to encourage crimes of violence. In a country where the people are as intelligent as in the United States, the killing of man or woman by a fellow human being should be an almost unheard of occurrence. If murder trials were more speedy, and the execution of sentences followed closely upon their passage, the number of homicides would diminish rapidly. Doubtless the "law's delay"—which Shakespeare places among the especial evils of this earth—helps to create a general feeling that punishment is not certain. Then, of course, the opponents of capital punishment say that as long as the law continues to take life it cannot create any feeling that human life is sacred.

Delay in the trials of murderers is a scandal, and should not be permitted. That forty murderers should be awaiting trial in the Tombs is a blemish upon the administration of justice in New York.

Mayor Wurster, of Brooklyn, has parted company with the resubmissionists, and great is the wailing thereat. He probably considers that it will be a proud distinction to be the last Mayor of Brooklyn.

THE STARVING TAILORS.

The "contractors," who make the maintenance of the odious and abominable "sweating system" possible, have been at their old tricks again. They have no respect for their plighted word, and, consequently, have easily outgeneralled the poor tailors who were weak enough to believe what they said. Unless there is outside interference of the most radical sort, these tailors will starve. New York is a great and generous city, and it should not allow this infamy to be consummated. The contractors need a bitter lesson, and they should have it.

First the contractors tried a lockout because the tailors had some independence in their souls, and would not be trampled upon. After keeping the poor fellows at the verge of starvation for several months they professed to yield, and signed an agreement which seemed to promise better things. The tailors went back to work, and the conditions of the agreement were at once violated by the contractors. To those familiar with the tactics of the "sweaters" this might have been predicted. First came the bold reduction of wages, and next the increase of the daily tasks, so that they were physically impossible to perform. As soon as a man admitted that he could not face impossibilities, he was discharged. The aim of the contractors, of course, is to starve the tailors until they will submit to anything.

Is this not monstrous? Is there no means of forcing this vile herd of contractors to keep its contracts? Unless it can be done, men, women and children will die of starvation, and the sweating system will be established more firmly than before the attempts to suppress it. This means the demoralization of the labor market in New York.

Contractors must keep contracts. The sweating system must die.

The remarks of the Assembly Committee on Railroads about over-capitalization ought to be required by law to be posted in the counting-room of every transit corporation in the State.

The ingenious statesman who invented the bill for pensioning ex-slaves deserves a medal for his ingenuity. But his bill will never get far.

Mr. Coudert showed his excellent sense in refusing to listen to the lucubrations of the personage who wanted to malign the newspapers before the Rapid Transit Commission.

Colonel Waring returns to the assault of the garbage. He proposes to burn it. Which will be better than having it meet us in the surf at Coney Island next Summer.

Mayor Strong's fear that some of the municipalities to be taken into the Greater New York may saddle themselves with debt for unnecessary improvements before Consolidation comes may have been created by a suspicion that Patrick Jerome Gleason intends paving the streets of Long Island City with gold, the expense to be eventually paid by the composite city.

Professor Salvioni, of Perugia, in Italy, claims to have made a discovery which comes in the most timely fashion to supplement the wonderful new force which Professor Roentgen has introduced into photography. He has invented an optical instrument which enables the human eye, aided by the Roentgen rays, to see through anything which those rays can penetrate. From the harmonious working of these two great things marvels may be expected. It is too early to prophesy, but evidently nothing is too strange to be expected of the new light. Meantime Germany is going to make Professor Roentgen's path plain by giving him a huge sum for additional experiments.

The execution of Bartholomew Shea at Clinton Prison yesterday probably brings to a definite close the epoch of political debauchery in Troy. If extraordinary efforts were made to shield this criminal, who was found guilty of murdering Robert Ross in Troy, on a municipal election day a year ago, it was because the people who had employed him—the conspirators who profited by the actions of such desperadoes—were a little afraid that Shea's punishment might suggest their own. Perhaps it will. They ought at least to be driven out of political life. It is intolerable that any man who has attempted to paralyze the free working of the ballot in this country should be allowed to have any place in the politics of to-day.

Thumbnail Sketch No. 7.
Ex-Speaker Charles F. Crisp.

Crisp, ex-Speaker and present leader of the House Democracy, is a natural chief. He comes rightfully by the three feathers which mark the rank. Crisp is true, earnest, cunning and, withal, of a courage to match his craft. There is nothing intermittent in his method, nothing fitful. Given a purpose or a cause, Crisp becomes the very principle of incessant, inveterate, unremitting activity.

While his blood is hot with the hunt Crisp will even be cruel to win. But otherwise he is of a good friendliness, with a soul of sympathy. He is easy of address, familiar of approach, yet never to the surrender of a native dignity which hedges him like a fence.

All men respect Crisp, many love him and never a one exists who doubts his honesty.

Staunch to friend as staunch to foe, he will toil night and day to get at either to help the one or hurt the other. He fights quietly, bitterly and with a mighty coolness.

In his great war with Mills for the Speakership, a quartet of years gone by, Crisp through it all maintained himself as rippleless as a mirror. Not a flash of excitement. From the beginning of a battle which reeled through scores of ballots, where he was never behind, yet never a handful ahead; where the prize was the second great office of a world, while candidate after candidate dropped out and conditions kept narrowing and closing between him and Mills to a death hug whereof the issue to the last and latest moment was the essence of doubt itself, while Mills was fury and froth and fume, red-eyed with resentment and excitement; down to the very touch of time which made him victor, Crisp was the sublimation of all that was kindly and cool and measured, and lustrously even, and calm.

Crisp won the Speakership, and yet while he fought for it, as when he grasped it, no one could have found in any word or look of his the least evidence that the whole stirring time wasn't the easiest and most evenly balanced hour of his existence. In the word's most rigid and exacting sense Crisp is thoroughbred. The size of the hazard will not shake him. He will play as skilfully and as steadily and with no more of nervous heat when the stakes are his life, as when they are nothing at all.

Crisp, while always honest, isn't always fair. He never sacrifices an advantage to a sentiment. He never fails because of any weedy romanticism, nor does his chivalry ever get between his legs to trip him up. He believes in battle only because he believes in victory, and holds fighting to be worth while only so far as it is worth while to win. Once in harness, however, and on the field, Crisp will listen to no voice but the voice of success. Conquest becomes business then, victory a trade; and long before he will accept defeat Crisp will shake off ruth and scruple like a pirate and win, cost what it may. Crisp knows by instinct that the victor can always explain. But where is a solution to defeat?

Crisp never oppresses weak folk, never bullies timid folk, makes a specialty of being genial, is charitable, magnanimous; and yet, where he has been injured by foul means, his revenge has no more of bounds, is to be no more satiated, than a jealous woman's.

But whether Crisp be at peace or at war, in action or inactive, over all is worn the mantle of his craft. You must abide with him years to know him. In his algebra concealment is X, and a mask is an element in every Crisp equation.

Had Crisp been of the Bourse he would have been a bear. While not a pessimist, he is not by nature a bull and does best on a down market.

Crisp is essentially domestic. He loves his family, devotes himself to his wife like a knight of the olden time—she, by the way, is much held at home by sickness—and holds his children very dear. These latter possess absolute confidence in Crisp, and never have a secret from him. This is a good sign.

Crisp is warm and social, but liking neither pomp nor mobs, however much assorted the last may be, he goes but little in "society."

It was in Sheffield, England, that Crisp was born. It was his birthplace not because his people were English, but because they were actors. The theatres took them to England. Crisp's father and mother were both native Americans.

Forty years ago the elder Crisps had considerable fame as histrions. Crisp's brothers and sisters were also of the footlights. His brother, who had a part in the play going that night, perished in the Brooklyn Theatre fire of years ago. Crisp often speaks of his parents and their play acting.

It was just after the second act at a Washington theatre. Rhea was on as Camille. Crisp turned around and said to me as the curtain came down:

"I don't often find myself in a theatre, Mrs. Crisp's health being so bad. But I wanted to see this play of 'Camille' again. The last time I witnessed it my father played Armand, while my mother took the part of Camille. And," here the then Speaker of the House smiled, "while I never believed that my mother was the greatest Camille that ever lived, I must say she played it much better than this lady."

Crisp was a soldier of the Confederacy, distinguished for bravery. He was taken and held a prisoner; and, by the way, the Hon. John R. Fellows, also of the Confederacy, was restrained of his freedom at the same time and place. Colonel Fellows—I may go aside to say—is reported to have been more celebrated as a prisoner than as a soldier, and kept the bastile, where he and Crisp were held, ringing with his wit, song and story. He quite wore the Yankees out with his merriment and they more than once regretted having taken so loquacious and voluble a spirit as the airy Colonel Fellows alive.

Crisp has a dry, though innocent humor. He held his wife's mother in great respect and affection. Just after he was made Speaker the first time he said to me, with a slight smile, as one who internally enjoys his own joke:

"I hardly know how Mrs. Crisp's mother will take the news of my success. She and I have always been on the closest and most affectionate terms, but before I married her daughter she gave it as her honest opinion that I would never mount to the least success in life. She took my coming to Congress as in sort a criticism on her powers of prophecy, and had much to do to overlook it. The good old lady will scarce forgive me for becoming Speaker of the House."

A. H. L.

The Easy Boss.

[Poughkeepsie News-Press.]

Thomas C. Platt is so thoroughly the boss of the Republican party in New York State that his followers register his will just the same when he is hundreds of miles away as when he is among them. Truly this is an ideal situation for an easy boss.

The False Lord and the Ladies.

London, Feb. 1.—Adolf Beck has been in the dock once again in Westminster, the police court of the fashionable district. He does not look one inch the lord, though he is the man who is accused of deceiving no end of women in many walks of life into believing that he was Lord Wilton and stripping them of all the jewelry they would give him and of even what he could steal, so that, as he said, he could order better rings of the same sizes, have their bracelets studded with diamonds, and get their watches encrusted with jewels. He is said to have gained entree to their homes even when he casually met them in the parks and on the streets merely by complimenting them on their looks and by putting such questions to them as led them to believe he thought them acquainted with the nobility. On his last examination, day before yesterday, the women continued to file into the witness box, telling their stories of how they were flattered and fascinated by this Norwegian and by his mock grand air. As usual they handed their names to the Court on slips of paper, and the public was kept in the dark as to who and what they were.

The first one was a young miss who lived in Pimlico with a Mrs. Allen. She said that Beck called on Mrs. Allen when that lady was out, so he told the young witness that he was trying to be of service to the elder lady, but now that he had seen her, the younger one, he hoped she would become his housekeeper in St. Johns wood. "He told me," she said, "that he was Lord Wilton and that I should have to dress well. He wrote out a list of dresses that I must have, and said I must be taught to ride. I must dress every night for dinner and must wear tailor-made walking costumes. I was to have a riding habit, hats from Heath's, and rings from Bond street." He gave her a worthless check for $150 and took away a gentleman's crested signet ring she was wearing so as to get the measurement of her finger. She was sure of the man, though his mustache was then turned up and pointed; "it is down now,' said she.

The next girl was one that was, perhaps, not so difficult of acquaintance. She said Beck asked her if he had not met her at a Covent Garden ball, and she said perhaps he had. He made an appointment for luncheon, and told her that he had quarrelled with his mistress and wanted some one at his house. Asked who he was, he said: "There is only one Earl of Wilton and I am the man." He said he was going to take a trip to Naples after the session of Parliament and she must have suitable gowns. He wrote out a list of what she would need in the way of dresses, and borrowed her jewelry and $10, the latter being needed, he said, to give to a coachman he had pensioned but for whom he had at the moment no change about him. He gave her a check for $150, which proved to be no good.

Marcus Brown, owner of the Covent Garden Hotel, swore that Beck lived at that house till September, 1894, and "was got rid of" for not paying a board bill of $1,500. His boxes were detained, and these, the detectives searched, finding white waistcoats and spats such as many women said he wore when he called on them to dupe them. Beck was always hard up, the witness said. Brown confessed that Beck owed him $7,000, mainly money advanced to him to use in Norway to float some mining properties. Then a pensioned policeman was sworn and said he was at the Central Criminal Court in 1877 when the same man, Beck, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for stealing earrings and money from a young woman.

"Were the circumstances of that robbery exactly the same as in this case?" the magistrate inquired.

"Yes, exactly," said the ex-policeman; "there were seventeen charges gone into against the prisoner of robbing girls. At that time he passed as Lord Willoughby or Lord de Willoughby.

Magistrate Shell—The prisoner is the man?

Mr. Dutton (counsel for prisoner)—This is what we deny.

Witness (pointing)—The prisoner is the man.

Mr. Dutton—You have retired from the force, and want to go happy to your journey's end. Do you swear to this man—you know what is at stake?

Witness—I swear to him without the shadow of a doubt. I took him into custody in Euston square.

After receiving the statutory caution the prisoner essayed to say something, but was stopped by Mr. Dutton. Mr. Shell committed the prisoner for trial for false pretences, larceny as a bailee and committing larceny in dwelling houses. He said he should be tried on thirty charges.

Mr. Dutton asked for bail so that in the event of refusal he could go to a judge in chambers.

Mr. Shell—You can go wherever you like, but you will get no bail here.

JULIAN RALPH.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

It is reported in Chicago that Secretary Carlisle will open a law office in that city after he retires from the Cabinet. On the other hand, it is said in Washington that at the end of the present administration President Cleveland and Secretaries Olney and Carlisle will organize a firm to practise law in this city.

Lois Fuller, the American skirt dancer, has published in London Black and White some reminiscences of Alexander Dumas, of which the following is a sample: "Once I took his fine head in my hands and kissed his crown of beautiful white curly hair, and he was not at all shocked."

Professor Pelnacre, of Paris, in his studies of the effect of the moon on the meteorology of the earth, has discovered that it has an influence not only on the production of cyclones, but also on their direction.

Miss Helen Culver, who has just given $1,000,000 to the University of Chicago, inherited a property variously estimated at from $7,000,000 to $10,000,000 from her first cousin, Charles J. Hull, for many years prominent in large real estate transactions in the West, whose confidential secretary she was. Miss Culver possesses extraordinary business ability and is greatly interested in works of charity and education.

When the appointment of the Rev. Herbert D. Ward as Prison Commissioner of Massachusetts was announced a few days ago nobody seemed to know anything about the gentleman until the Boston papers explained that he was the husband of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Morton's Candidacy.

[Harrisburg Patriot.]

Mr. Van Cott, of New York, who has gone to Alabama to sound Republicans on the matter of Morton's candidacy for the Presidency, might just as well have stayed at home. Whether the Alabama people are for him or not will make no difference in his campaign. Platt is not for him and Quay is not for him, and with two such States as New York and Pennsylvania hostile to his ambition he cannot hope to get the nomination. Morton can save money and defeat by withdrawing and watching what happens to a certain stout man in the lower house of Congress.

"For the Crown."

Wall street gentlemen, and folks "prominent in social circles"—as the saying is—went to see the stage elevated last night. They didn't go to Hoyt's, where the stage elevation is purely mechanical, made after the late Steele Mackaye's patent. It was Palmer's Theatre they selected, for it had been leased by a very energetic but rather lightweight young person named Edward Vroom, and they had furnished the tinkling wherewithal. So it came to pass that these Wall street gentlemen, and folks "prominent in social circles"—as the saying is—went to Palmer's with the vigorous but sordid determination of "getting their money's worth" out of the promised elevation, with Francois Coppee's "For the Crown" as the lift.

Let me hasten to say, before proceeding, that at this hour of writing the stage is not one inch higher than it was before the curtain rose on M. Coppee's drama. If previously to this it has been wallowing in the slough of despond (which I wont admit) it is wallowing now. If before the presentation of "For the Crown" it had been noisome with the dank, weedy methods of mecenary managers, it is noisome with those methods after the presentation. It hasn't lifted to the extent of a fraction of an inch. Either Mr. Vroom failed to inject the proper amount of leaven or the stage is hopelessly earthly and stuck-in-the-mud. It was easier to move the St. Paul steamship from its woful sand bank near Long Branch than to lift the stage with such a dreary, yet highly literary and readable effort as "For the Crown."

You see, I'm assuming, just for the sake of the assumption, that Mr. Vroom really wanted to elevate the stage. He told the folks "prominent in social circles"—as the saying is—that he did, and they upped and subscribed to him. Perhaps it never occurred to them that Mr. Vroom was trying to elevate Mr. Vroom. This idea they would have scouted, though reformers with far more laudable purposes than the elevation of the stage are looked upon with scepticism, to say nothing of contempt. Why is it—oh, why is it—that people are so anxious to take the stage seriously? Doesn't it seem odd that they wont let it alone in its recreative, relaxative serenity; that they scorn to look upon it as one of the luxuries of life, and condemn it to the mean and disgusting position of a bread-and-butter necessity? Nobody is forced to go to the theatre. People visit the playhouse to be amused. It is not a serious affair, and the elevators are really its bitterest foes. I love the theatre, and I don't want to see it lifted up where nobody can gaze at it without injury to the muscles of the neck. Nor does Mr. Vroom. I feel that he doesn't. If he can only succeed in lifting up Mr. Vroom—and his work in "For the Crown" indicates that the task will be a most arduous one—he will cease his highfalutin humbug and descend to the easier and more graceful work of losing diamonds, or trotting up and down Broadway with a pug dog.

The audience listened respectfully to Francois Coppee's "For the Crown," which was admirably translated into excellent English by Charles Renauld. The subscribers, as I said before, wanted their money's worth, and when people are actuated by that desire, their determination is to get it or know "the reason why." I am afraid that I shall have to tell them "the reason why." Mr. Coppee's play would be a delightful affair to read. It is really a capital literary effort. (As the French Academy "crowned" it, that statement is perhaps superfluous). But it doesn't "act." No literary enthusiast need be ashamed to admit that. It is a declamatory setting forth of the beauty of patriotism. Constantin, a young soldier, kills his father, Michel Brancomir, because that lugubrious individual, tempted by his Lady Macbethian wife, turns traitor. The scene of the patricide is the nearest approach to dramatic situation that the play contains. After the murder, the young soldier is consumed by remorse—as he richly deserved to be. Michel's wife betrays him to the King, and he is condemned to chains at Michel's statue. The beautiful Militza, whom he loves, puts him out of his misery, not by treading on him, but by stabbing him, and then ends her own life.

"For the Crown" is a tragedy, and tragedies are not as a rule humorous. M. Coppee's play is not unfortunate merely on account of its lack of humor. Its stilted measures, its stereotyped harangues and its general colorlessness rob it of all appreciative consideration. And the acting! Ye gods and little fishes! It was mouthed from beginning to end by all the cast, with the sole exceptions of Rose Coghlan and Maud Harrison. Miss Coghlan, as the Lady Macbethian wife, was at her best. Her lovely, musical voice was a treat to hear, and she made poor Vroom more hopelessly amateurish than he really was. Yet the programme announced that Edward Vroom was "accompanied by" Rose Coghlan. In reality the whole play was Rose Coghlan, with Edward Vroom dangling somewhere or anywhere. Miss Coghlan was the bright feature of the performance. Maud Harrison was also highly commendable. As for Mr. Vroom—well, perhaps he had better let the stage alone and look after himself. He needs all sorts of nutritives and fatteners, while the stage—in spite of all its enemies say—is exceedingly chubby and well cared for. Vroom has a plummy voice and an abundance of irrelevant gestures. In the third act he elevated himself to some extent, but the general effect of his work was damp and despondent. A man of commanding presence and artistic methods might, in the role of Constantin, have done wonders for M. Coppee's play. Forbes Robertson, who is to play the part in London, will undoubtedly help it very considerably. Mr. Vroom needs a course of dramatic instruction, and a very complicated one.

In fact, when, after uttering a large and picturesque "Great Gawd!" he killed poor father, I quite agreed with my neighbor, who plaintively and almost tearfully remarked, "If he had only killed himself!"

ALAN DALE.

The Monroe Doctrine.

[London Spectator.]

We have sometimes thought, indeed, that the Monroe doctrine might be used as one of the stones upon which to build up that Anglo-Saxon alliance which will some day give control of the world to the English-speaking peoples. An excuse will be wanted for beginning the foundations of that alliance, and it might be found in the Monroe doctrine. England and the United States might agree to guarantee their possessions in America, and to apply the Monroe doctrine to all other powers. This would immediately insure America to the Anglo-Saxon, and on it might later be based the arrangements for a further and closer alliance. This, however, is a distant dream. Meantime, there is only one serious danger to the Monroe doctrine. If England ever lost command of the sea, and that command passed to France or Russia, America would find the Monroe doctrine waste paper. While England holds the command of the sea the United States has nothing to fear, but were she to lose it America must either reconquer it from the victor or give up all hope of enforcing the doctrine which she so boldly announced in 1823.

Some Things Men Don't Understand.

"Oh, dear me," said the president of the Teacup Club, "I don't see why men can never understand things."

"H'm," said the brown-eyed blonde, "are we to understand that you have just discovered that fact?"

"Of course not," said the president, "but I've just had an argument with my husband—that's why I am late to-day, girls—he will insist that this club ought to have a constitution and by-laws and a lot of other unnecessary things, in spite of the fact that we get along nicely just as well without them."

"I suppose he would like to draft them for us," said the girl with the dimple in her chin; "that is always the way with men. When they see women doing anything well they always want to come in and take the credit of it."

"So they do," said the girl with the classic profile; "I suppose he would want us to have parliamentary rules, too—as if anybody would obey them! Anyhow, it is only a man who can do but one thing at a time. I suppose it is necessary in a club of men that only one person have the floor at a time and all that sort of thing."

"I suppose it is," said the president; "no man that ever lived could tell what anybody else was saying while he was talking himself. Well, I only wish they could see how orderly our meetings are and how well we keep to the subject in hand without any rules or regulations. By the way, let us discuss 'Woman as a Parliamentarian' to-day. What do you say?"

"Oh, pshaw," said the girl with the Roman nose, "you said the subject was to be 'Woman as a Factor in the Business World,' and I was to speak on it."

"Oh, well, you can use the same line of argument, anyhow; I forgot to tell you that I had changed my mind. Girls, do be quiet while Effie reads her paper on——"

"Oh, but I am not prepared, anyhow," said the girl with the Roman nose. "I was obliged to stop in the midst of it to write the invitations for my 5 o'clock tea. A nice job it was, too, for I just couldn't get all I wanted to say on a card!"

"Why, I heard a man saying only the other day, that you write the most charming notes he ever read," said the girl with the classic profile.

"Thank you for telling me, dear. I shall use the telephone exclusively after this—the idea of living to know that everybody says when you are spoken of, 'Yes, what charming notes she does write.' Think of knowing that you are expected to be brilliant when you write, to say that you can't come to dinner because your face is swollen, or to ask how to take coffee stains out of your new evening gown."

"I know all about that," groaned the brown-eyed blonde; "once in an evil hour somebody called me 'vivacious,' and I've cultivated three wrinkles in trying to live up to it. Think of having to be vivacious at a church sociable, or when the man to whom you have just been revealing your views on the subject of friendship turns out to be engaged!"

"Awful," shuddered the girl with the eyeglasses," but pity me, all of you. People who like me always say that I am a delightful conversationalist; those who do not simply remark that I talk all the time. Sometimes, when I am low-spirited, it seems to me that there is not much difference between the two."

"Yes, but think of me!" moaned the girl with the dimple in her chin. Somebody once discovered that I had a "little head running over with curls." I calculate that I have spent a fortune in patent curlers and alcohol lamps since then!"

"I suppose that is why you wouldn't go to the seashore with me last Summer," remarked the president. "Well, for my part, I only wish I knew who it was that first called me a 'nice little woman'—it's as bad as being named Smith or living in a row!"

"Pshaw, I wouldn't mind that a bit," said the girl with the Roman nose, "there's nothing like a reputation for amiability—you can be as ill-natured as you please, once it is gained."

"Humph, you seem to forget that I have a husband to remind me of things," said the president. "Well, there is no person I don't envy, and that is Barbara."

"Humph, I don't think she is so beautiful," said the girl with the Roman nose, "for my part, I think her nose might be called a snub."

"Neither do I," said the girl with the dimple in her chin; "the lower part of her face is actually coarse."

"Say what you please," said the president, "she has the reputation of being a beauty, and if she doesn't look as well as usual she is just to stay at home. She has a cold now and her complexion is awful. Well, I suppose we must adjourn now."

"I believe I shall drop in to see Barbara on the way home," said the brown-eyed blonde.

"So shall I," said the girl with the Roman nose. "Well, I'm sorry the meeting is over; I had no idea that 'Woman as a Parliamentarian' would be so interesting!"

A Woman's Plea for the Turks.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—In illustration of what I would say in defence, or, at least, in extension of the Turkish Government in its resentment of religious interference with itself:

I came here and settled down for a space. Nobody knew me and I knew nobody. Didn't want to; because my purpose was to get away from everybody I knew. For what reason don't matter! except that they were not reprehensible reasons, and therefore concerned nobody—well, yes, I will tell you the reason, the main reason for such a move, because it bears on public questions: I had worked for years, publicly and privately both, in humane endeavors, getting myself saddled in one of them with a burden that my heart wouldn't let me shake off and that I couldn't work with. That and my beliefs subjected me to much annoyance—talk.

As I was powerless to do anything progressively, for want of means, and because of this burden both, and resenting (which kept me all the time in hot water) the attacks made on my beliefs by my friends (!), and hurt all the time by the cruelties to be seen and heard of in large towns which I could not alleviate, I took up my burden and travelled here, thinking that in a perfectly rural spot I would see nothing, and knowing nobody, would bear nothing to annoy me.

First, they speculated over me—not to my credit, either, I found—and then, finding me—by my bearing, I suppose—a possible creature, they began—the ministers did—calling upon me.

Asked what church I belonged to, I answered none. Asked why, I said I didn't believe in them. Then came an interval of trying to make me believe in them; getting me into the church, as it were, by means of entertainments "for the benefit of," etc. Finding me immovable, they then set to work to kill me! figuratively speaking; every church member in the town turning their heads and nodding with a fearful reserre—and that only when they wouldn't be seen, in byways and the shades of evening—and every one outside of the church, except the one or two I had taken pains to enlighten, having some string in connection therewith, and taking their cue therefrom—this because I was let alone, as any stranger would be who behaved himself or herself, until the church tried and found me wanting—taking their cue therefrom, not only ignoring, but annoying me, too, going out of their way to do it—which they have to do in order to annoy me; for I have no dealings with any one except to buy what I want.

So it is this sort of Christianity (!) rule or ruin, which Turkey resents, and which leads to massacre; for if I were king here, or shah or effendi, I would exterminate these Christians (!) too! Not one should remain to tell the tale!

SARAH F. NORTON.

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